

	square	space	square	space	square	space	square	space
One insertion	1.00	1 1/2	2 2/3	4 1/2	6.00	10		
One month	1.50	2 1/2	4 1/2	7 1/2	12.00	25		
Two months	2.00	3 1/2	5 1/2	8 1/2	18.00	40		
Three months	2.50	4 1/2	6 1/2	10 1/2	23.00	60		
Six months	3.00	4 1/2	15	15 1/2	25.00	60		
One year	3.50	4 1/2	15 1/2	18 1/2	30.00	100		

THE WEEKLY MAYSVILLE EAGLE.

VOLUME LII.

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1870.

NUMBER 30

County and City Director.

CITY OFFICERS.

	ONE MONTH	THREE MONTHS	SIX MONTHS	ONE YEAR
One insertion	1.00	1 1/2	2 2/3	4 1/2
One month	1.50	2 1/2	4 1/2	7 1/2
Two months	2.00	3 1/2	6 1/2	10 1/2
Three months	2.50	4 1/2	8 1/2	15 1/2
Six months	3.00	4 1/2	15	25 1/2
One year	3.50	4 1/2	15 1/2	30 1/2

County and City Director
in the fall of each year, first Monday in March, County Court convenes second Monday in March, June, September and December.

CITY OFFICERS.

	ONE MONTH	THREE MONTHS	SIX MONTHS	ONE YEAR
Major—William P. Coons.				
Marshal—Henry C. Conner.				
Deputy Marshal—T. M. Luman.				
Clerk—W. C. Washington.				
Treasurer—W. C. Sudder.				
Assessor—J. H. Bush.				
Collector—J. C. Clegg.				
Warden—Miss Brown.				
Wood and Coal Inspector—Wm. Davis.				
Mail Agent—W. H. Smith.				
Alms House Keeper—W. M. Davis.				
City Undertakers—Stone & Collins.				

MEMPHIS CITY COUNCIL.

	ONE MONTH	THREE MONTHS	SIX MONTHS	ONE YEAR
President—Robert A. Cochran.				
First Ward—S. N. Browne.				
Second Ward—John T. Martin.				
Third Ward—Dr. Jno. M. Duke.				
Fourth Ward—W. W. Fife.				
Fifth Ward—J. H. Hall.				
P. B. Vanden.				

MEMPHIS DIRECTORY.

	ONE MONTH	THREE MONTHS	SIX MONTHS	ONE YEAR
Maysville Commandery, No. 10, Knights Templar—Stated Convocation, 4th Monday in March, June, September and December.				
J. B. Gibson, Recorder.				
Mayerville Commandry, No. 35, Stated Communications, 2d Monday in each month.				
W. N. Howe, H. P. J. B. Gibson, Secretary.				
Confidence Lodge, No. 52, Stated Communications, 1st Monday in each month.				
W. H. Smith, W. M. J. G. Russell, Secretary.				
CHURCH DIRECTORY.				
Christian Church, Elder J. B. Medina, Pastor, Service Lord's day at 11 o'clock, a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday at 7 p.m.				
Presbyterian Church, (Synod) Rev. J. E. Spillman, Pastor, Sunday at 10 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 7 o'clock p.m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m.				
Methodist Church, Dr. A. W. Chambliss, Pastor, Sunday at 11 o'clock a.m. and 7 o'clock p.m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m. Prayer Meeting.				
M. H. Church, South, Rev. J. Rand, Pastor, Services Sunday at 11 o'clock a.m. and 7 o'clock p.m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m. Prayer Meeting.				
M. H. Church, North, Rev. Mr. Walsh, Pastor, Sunday services at 11 o'clock a.m. and 7 o'clock p.m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m. Prayer Meeting.				
Church of Nazarene, (Free Assembly) Rev. McCampbell, Minister, Services alternate Sabbath at their church building on corner of 2nd and Court Streets at 10 o'clock a.m. and 7 o'clock p.m., Sabbath School at 9 o'clock.				
Baptist Church, Dr. A. W. Chambliss, Pastor, Services Lord's day at 11 o'clock a.m. and 7 o'clock p.m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m. Prayer Meeting.				
Methodist Church, South, Rev. J. Rand, Pastor, Services Sunday at 11 o'clock a.m. and 7 o'clock p.m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m. Prayer Meeting.				
Catholic Church, Rev. Father Glorieux, Pastor, Services Sunday at 11 o'clock a.m. Sunday School at 10 o'clock a.m.				
The Funeral of Admiral Farragut.				
Portsmouth, N. H., August 17.—The funeral of Admiral Farragut was attended by a larger concourse of people than ever before assembled in this State on a similar occasion.				
The cortège left the navy-yard at 11 o'clock, escorted by marine corps of the station and Charleston, and a detachment of troops, and brought to this city by the United States steamer Speedwell. The remains are in an elegant metallic coffin, heavily laden with flowers, and borne on the bier from the station and ten seamen of the Vandeleur and placed in the bier. The cortège then took its place in the procession. The pall-bearers were Rear Admiral Thachter, Commodores Steadman and Badger, Captains Parrott and Weld, and Commander Potter, Paymaster Watson, Chief Engineer Moore, Colonel McCauley, of the marine corps, and Generals McDowell and Foster. Among the mourners were Mrs. Farragut and her son, ex-Senators Webb and Gilmer, and Captain Grinnell, Paul and Wilson, and General Banks. The procession was nearly a mile long, embracing all classes of people. All the public buildings, most of the places of business, and many private residences were draped in mourning. The bells tolled, minute guns were fired, business suspended, and a dense crowd filled the streets along the route. The cortège reached the cemetery at 1 p.m., and was appropriately draped. The religious exercises were conducted by the Rev. R. W. Clark, the resident minister, assisted by Rev. Dr. Montgomery, of New York, the remains, subsequently, with religious, and Masonic rites, were placed in the tomb near the church. A volley was fired by the military escort, and the immense concourse of people who had assembled left the scene.				
How to Preserve Peaches.				
Take large yellow peaches, perfectly ripe and with blemish, pare them, and remove the stones with a narrow bladed knife, sharp at the point, leaving the peaches whole. Weigh the fruit and allow an equal weight of the best sugar, strain it well, and add a little of a rolling pin, and having put the peaches in a large tureen or stone ware pan, stow the crushed sugar over them, and let them stand closely covered for ten or twelve hours. It is best to prepare them of an evening, and let them remain until next morning. Then pour off all the juice, strain it into a preserving kettle, and stir in the remaining portion of sugar, and boil it. When the jam is dissolved, set the kettle over a moderate fire, and let it simmer so as it perfectly clear as the scum ceases to rise, put on the peaches, taking care they do not break.				
When the peaches are done, remove the kettle from the fire; take them out with a skimmer one by one lay them on dishes to drain, boil the syrup again, adding what has been lost, or if necessary a few drops of water, and pour it into the jars; then tie them down well and paste paper over each.				
This is an excellent method of putting up peaches and similar fruits with little trouble and in a short time. The syrup will be much improved by boiling in the kernels of the peach kernels small and tied in a little bag of thin muslin which may be used with the same effect, or it may be slightly flattened, deseeded, and put in when the kettle is taken off the fire, to infuse in the hot syrup and remain in it until it is to be poured into the jars after the final boil up.				
A Heavy Wheat Crop.				
[From the N. Y. Sun.]				
An esteemed correspondent from Minnesota informs us that the reports which have been put into circulation that the crops of the West have failed are utterly untrue. As certainly as you keep one stone upon the cairn to-day, the next day you will cast another, until the heap, reared stone by stone, shall become a very pyramid. The same is true of Wisconsin and Michigan. The quantity in those States is fully up to the average, while the quality is above it. Iowa and Kansas will also surpass their usual yield; and the only region where there seems to be any considerable falling off is in some parts of Illinois, where however drought has prevailed upon the wheat, and in which the yield will be less than ordinary. "I thought you said me I was at the end of my troubles!" "So did, friend, but I did not say which we shall be abundantly able to supply it."				
A Quaker told a young man just married, "Friend, thou art now at the end of thy troubles." The young man was a virgin, and in such a state the young man can speak with the surprising remark. "I thought you said me I was at the end of my troubles!" "So did, friend, but I did not say which we shall be abundantly able to supply it."				

An Interview With Napoleon.

(Paris Correspondent London Telegraph, July 23.)

It is with the purpose of enabling your readers to form their own judgment upon the views now expressed by the Emperor Napoleon that I venture to repeat the words which he yesterday employed while speaking to a friend and to myself during an interview with which he honored us at the Tuilleries. I must begin by remarking that I have known the Emperor for many years, and have seldom seen him looking better. When last I spoke with him, five months ago, he looked care worn and haggard, with a complexion more than usually sallow and ashen-colored. Yesterday his face looked fuller, his eye bright, his cheek healthy. I wish, in addition to premise that, after he had spoken, I inquired whether we were at liberty to repeat his words or not. He answered, "I wish, nothing better than that I should be represented to the people of England as holding these views."

The Emperor, after speaking with his usual quiet kindness upon some private matters, turned suddenly to the political situation of France and of Europe. He said, "One fortnight before the utterance of the Due de Gramont in the Corps Legislatif—which utterance has, as it seems to me, been so unjustly reflected upon by the English press—I had no notion that war was at hand, nor am I, even at this moment, by any means prepared for it. I trusted that, when the Due de Gramont had set me straight with France by speaking manfully in public as to the Hohenzollern candidature, I should be able to manipulate and handle the controversy as to make peace certain. But France has slipped out of my hand. I can not rule unless I lead. This is the most national war that is my time France has undertaken, and the frowns of an angry father, who is released from prison through the intercession of his daughter's lover, but obstinately adheres to the King and scorns the Republicans. The crowd have their satisfaction with the old aristocrat in seeing the soldier (whose promotion is rapid, as usual in such instances) carry off the blushing and charming, but in this instance, as in many others here, rather robust young lady, in the case. All patriotic sentiments—all that is said about saving the country, and all that sort of thing, are applauded with astounding fury."

Between the second and third acts the singing of the Marseillaise is introduced. I do not know the name of the woman who sang it last night. She was a black-haired, black-eyed French woman, dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, and, therefore, in scant drapery, and she had a beautiful arm and bosom, and, what is perhaps of inferior consideration, the voice of a friend and self-denying neutrality.

I pointed out to him that I had never seen a French soldier near the Rhine frontier during the continuance of the German war. I quoted to him from his own letter in which he thanked me for my absence, and said that he had left neither

Prussian nor French soldier upon the Rhine, but, obstinately adhered to the King and scorns the Republicans.

The Empress Eugenie—Her Popularity—Parting with the Prince Imperial, &c.

[From the Lyceburg Times.]

From the recollections of an aged inhabitant of Matamora, we have been told the following reminiscence, which may be taken as a general representation of the festivities at a wedding in our grandfathers' days.

Invitations were freely extended to all friends and acquaintances, and after the marriage took place two entourages were devoted to feasting and dancing.

The bride and her train set out for their home attended on horseback by their friends, who, moving in pairs, made a very imposing appearance.

At the residence of the groom everything was ready, and with especial care a bottle of choice liquor, richly decked out with ribbons, has been prepared and placed upon a high post in front of the dwelling.

As the bride and her train approached the house the master of ceremonies wheels his horse aside and extends an invitation to all the gentlemen present to join in the race for the bottle, which awaits the winner, and gives him the enviable privilege of drinking the breath of the bride on her arrival. The groom, however, will only accept the invitation thus extended, and, seated at full

array for the desired honor, the groomsmen, the bridegroom, and the bride, all to herself, are invited to the public house to call upon the head of the family.

The buzzes and congratulations now burst afresh, and amid the best good feeling all around, the ladies are invited to the house, the horses are stabled, and a soiree sets in, to terminate after two days of dancing and feasting, and to leave the newly married couple to continue their journey with the most pleasant resolutions.

Modern society claims to have brought about an improvement of the shore. The appreciation of a friend is often weighed by the value of his bridal gift, and he is lucky to be invited to the public church, where the marriage ceremony is performed by the infinite array of small boys and a curious multitude of acquaintances.

The couple having been pronounced man and wife, hurriedly disappear from view to reappear transformed with marvelous quickness into every day people.

Metz—The Bulwark of France.

Metz, at the end of the French-Prussian line further from Strasbourg, is in a position to be of great service to the Confederacy, but it has already been captured by the Prussians.

Metz, the capital of the department of Moselle, is the great Prussian fortress of Mayence and Coblenz. Here Napoleon himself directed operations, whether as intending to assail Prussia by way of North Germany or to mask McMahon's expected movements at Strasbourg, is now

known. The fortifications of Metz, however, are the strongest in Europe, and the fortifications of Cherbourg just as the fleet were about to set sail for the Baltic. She went into as well as unbroken. The effect of her visit was all the more inspiring on that account.

Sailor and officer, marines and infantry, were ecstatic. Admiral Bouët was both gesticulatory and declamatory in

WEEKLY MARYSVILLE EAGLE
MARYSVILLE, KY., AUGUST 24, 1870

Benedetti and the King.—The Fatal Interview with the Ancient but Beautiful Watering Place.

[Berlin Cor., New York World.] "See how a plain tale shall be put down" might have been the motto of every Berlin journal of Monday last, for two official reports then published concerning the fatal interviews of the 9th, 11th, and 12th instants, at the ancient but unattractive watering place in the valley of the Lahn. One was written under the immediate approval of the King; the other by his adjutant, a son of the princely Lithuanian house of Radziwill. Though were published by the ministry in justification of the position in which they find themselves and the country, neither of these documents can give, except to the prejudiced reader, the impression they were designed to strengthen, viz: The French ambassador was guilty of impertinence toward his majesty. Distinct mention is made of the regular audience given the ambassador, and then the interview on the promenade is taken up. No one at all conversant with the ceremonials form that doth hedge about a king was able to imagine that an experienced diplomat would accost a monarch, even when *en cercle* much less propose a question of importance without permission. It is worthy of note, then, that the denial of the absurd report of Mr. Benedetti's having committed such a *fauz* finds direct confirmation in the royal memorandum, which makes evident the truth of the French interview, that the King himself hailed the ambassador, good-humoredly proffering him a copy of the Koelneische Zeitung, containing the news of the withdrawal of Prince Leopold from the candidature. In the semi-official account heretofore current, the alleged innocence of Benedetti was represented as having been aggravated—the world too mild; can I not say exasperated? by his following the king home and demanding a further audience. Both of the official statements admit that several hours elapsed before the Comte preferred a new request for an audience, and Prince Radziwill says he requested it in consequence of new instructions from Duc de Gramont. If the conduct imputed to him was surprising on general grounds to any and every one, it was doubly so the personal acquaintance of Comte Benedetti, whose unaffected politeness, fixed by a score of years in diplomatic life, is almost a byword in Berlin. He seems, indeed, to have performed the disgruntled task committed to him so delicately that the King did not detect the real significance of his communication till it was pointed out to him by one of his advisers who had been dispatched to Eins by the indignant Premier.

No small stress is laid by the German press on the fact that the negotiations were contracted with King William in person, and not with his Minister of Foreign Affairs, or with the Chancellor of the Bund. Several prominent English journals, which, from their position, should be unprejudiced and neutral commentators on the lamentable course of affairs, join in commenting on this as undiplomatic and reprehensible. It must not be forgotten, however, that the origin, or at least the professional occasion of the quarrel, is purely dynastic, and that King William gave his sanction, reluctant or otherwise, to the candidature, not as Sovereign of Prussia nor as Protector of the North German Bund, but as feudal chief of the house Hohenzollern, and that a retraction of the same or a promise of its future refusal was to be sought from the same personage. The law reader is also to be reminded that M. le Comte de Benedetti is an ambassador, or envoy of the highest class, and as such has a right to communicate directly with the monarch, as will be seen on consulting the diplomatic manner-book, "La Guide Diplomatique," by Von Martens. With all difference to the eminent Mr. Wheaton and his learned editor, the distinction still exists at the least of this court, where it is concealed by the Count Von Bismarck himself, as witness his citation of it in contradicting an alleged misunderstanding, with the English ambassador, Lord Loftus, two years ago.

Stewart's Store.

Edward Cropey tells of A. T. Stewart's store, that the average daily sales have been: silk, \$15,000; dress goods, \$6,000; muslins, \$3,000; laces, \$2,000 shawls, \$2,500; suits \$1,000; calicoes, \$1,500; velvets, \$1,000, furs, \$1,000; hoisery, \$600; boy's clothing \$700; Yankee notions, \$600; embroideries, \$1,000; cash, \$1,000; and so on, with daily receipts of the entire establishment are \$8,000, and have been known to reach \$8,000. To do all this business requires an army of employees. There is one general superintendent and nineteen superintendents of departments, nine cashiers, twenty-five book-keepers, thirty ushers, fifty-five porters, two hundred cash boys, nine hundred seamstresses, and so on. The laundry department (including the laundry), three hundred and twenty clerks, of whom a small portion are women, and one hundred and fifty in the carpet department. Without particularizing further it is sufficient to state that with the extra help often required twenty-two hundred persons are usually needed to discharge the duties of the established system. And figure this in the mind, in the trade of a single house. It is because they are so exceptional and so fast, that I have given them. The number of persons visiting the store in a single day has been estimated to reach fifty thousands, on some rare occasions, such as opening days; the average daily number is placed at fifteen thousand. And this traffic is in respect of persons; the world over, in respect of silk and velvet and the poor working woman in want of cheap calico dress, here meet on a common level.

The Fort Smith (Ark.) Herald says: "If all the facts were known, and the time approached when they will be, we would not be at all surprised to know that Mr. F. G. Merton had a hand in the plot to do away with the campaign and capture of Vicksburg as any other man; and that the main planning for its capture was done by, through, and with him and if the officers who had the paroles for Vicksburg prisoners printed weeks before the capture, and the date, July 4, 1863, printed in them could be heard from, it would be very likely to be true." The author of the paper, a soldier and gold had more to do with the final result of that campaign than all of Mr. Grant's planning, or the planning of the other General referred to. However, time and the future will reveal all this. Perfidy of any enormity did and never will be concealed forever. Murder will out, and though slow, justice is very sure."

A Noble Reply.

Gelyen de Mater, a schoolmaster, being found addicted to reading his Bible, was accused of heresy. Summoned before the inquisitor, he was commanded to make instant recantation. "Do you not love your wife and children?" "God knows," answered Gelyen of Audenarde, "that if the whole world were of gold, and my own, I would give it all to have them with me, even if I had to live on bread and water, and be in bondage." "You have them," said the inquisitor, "only renounce the error of your opinions."

"Neither for wife, children, nor all the world, can I renounce my God and religious truth." Thereupon he was strangled and thrown into the flames.

How to Have a Loving Wife.
A correspondent sends the following to the *Physiological Journal*.

If you would have a loving wife be as gentle in your words after as before marriage; treat her quite as tenderly when a mother as when a miss; don't make her the maid of all work and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when you first knew her; don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold her because it does not come on the table "porter house;" don't grumble about squalling babies, if you can't keep up a "nursery," and remember that "baby" may take after paper in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves, and spoil your temper, and makes your breath a nuisance and then complains that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your wife and tell her the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "lodges," and let her afterwards learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife, be patient, remember you are not perfect, but try to be; let whisky, tobacco and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, and she will be loving and true—if you did not marry heartless beauty without sense worth, if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

Hard Study Kills Nobody.

Thought is the life of the brain, as exercise is the life of the body. There can be no more such a thing as a healthy brain, as to the mental department, without thought study, than there can be a healthy body without exercise.—As a physical exercise preserves the body in health so thought, which is the exercise of the brain, keeps it well. But here the parallel ends; we may exercise, work too much, but we can not think too much in the way expressing ourselves, for both writing and talking are relief to the mind; they are in a sense its play, its diversion. Past up thoughts may kill, as past up steam wrecks the locomotive. The expression of thought is like working off the steam from the boiler. When clergymen break down, or public men or professors in colleges, or other literary institutions, get sick and die, the universal cry is, "over study," "too much responsibility," "too much mental application." It is never so, in a single case since the world began; we defend ourself and will open our pages to any authentic case. If a man will give himself sleep enough, and will eat enough nutritious food at proper intervals, and will spend two or three hours in the open air every day, he may study and work and write, until he is as gay as a thousand rats, and will still be young in mental vigor and clearness. Where there is the man of renown who lived plainly, regularly, temperately, and died early.—*Halls Journal of Health.*

Kiss Me Mamma.

"Kiss me, Mamma, before I sleep." How simple a boon; yet how soothing to the little suppliant is that soft, gentle kiss. The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, the rosy lips part in a sweet smile, for the little heart is reveling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence. Yes, kiss it, Mamma, for that good night kiss will linger in memory when the grieved lies mouldering in the silent grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illumine his desolate, heart; for, remember life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no harrowing care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lip will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep—There is a magic power in kiss that will endure to the end of life.

Examine our Tempots.

A caution has lately been highly copied in the domestic columns of newspapers to the effect that cracked dishes after being long used for holding gravies and fat of any kind become rancid and unwholesome. And later comes another, with good medical authority to back it, against using tin vessels—not especially teapots—which have become rusted or blackened inside. The acid contained in it combines with the iron of the exposed portions of the vessel, and forms a chemical compound, not unlike ink. It corrodes and darkens the teeth, and cannot be inoffensive to the stomach. I have seen the dislocation, both of natural and artificial teeth, prove so obstinate, from this cause, as to require several scourings with soap and water, with a stiff brush, to remove it.

When housekeepers hear any of the family remarking, "This tea tastes like ink!" it is time to examine—possibly to throw away—the teapot. The most palatable and wholesome tea is made by steeping in a bright tin or porcelain cup, then pouring into a freshly sealed earthen teapot. Thus treated it will never acquire the astrinquent quality so deleterious to the teeth and the health.—*Ohio Farmer.*

The Staats-Zeitung, the German representative paper of New York, hits Senator Conkling and the rest of the feeble folk who are trying to fight out the battle of American politics on the Rhine, some very uncivil blows. "German Western Republicans," it says, "are not the slightest reason to be afraid for the safety of the Union." The number is placed at fifteen thousand. And this traffic is in respect of persons; the world over, in respect of silk and velvet and the poor working woman in want of cheap calico dress, here meet on a common level.

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Dentist of Judge Goodloe.

Judge W. C. Goodloe died of softening of the brain at his residence in this city at 10 o'clock last Sunday morning. Judge Goodloe was a native of Madison county in this State, and died in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He graduated at the University in 1824, and after studying law was appointed Circuit Judge, an office to which he was several times re-elected, and in which he continued through the war and up to the year 1868. In 1826 he was married to Miss Almira, daughter of Governor William Owsley. At the time of his death Judge Goodloe was one of the law faculty of Kentucky University.—*Observer and Reporter.*

A Noble Reply.

Gelyen de Mater, a schoolmaster, being found addicted to reading his Bible, was accused of heresy. Summoned before the inquisitor, he was commanded to make instant recantation. "Do you not love your wife and children?" "God knows," answered Gelyen of Audenarde, "that if the whole world were of gold, and my own, I would give it all to have them with me, even if I had to live on bread and water, and be in bondage."

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Buchu

To

PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15th, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my

Preparation of Compound Extract Buchu.

The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF CUBEEES, JUNIPER BERRIES.

Mode of Preparation.—Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper berries, by distillation, to form a *linie grec*. Compound Extract of Buchu with spirituous extract from Juniper Berries & very little sugar is used, and small proportion of spirit. This is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance stock in fine, ever exhibiting this, which having been purchased by himself during the LATE GOLD PANIC IN NEW YORK CITY, will be sold EXTREMELY LOW FOR CASH.

GENEVA AND AMERICAN GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

The celebrated Collin's Metal and French Oracle Watch in great variety and at incredibly low prices. A watch equal in finish to \$150 Gold Watch at from \$10 to \$22.50. The largest stock of

SILVER,

AND

WATCH-MAKER,

Has just received the largest and most complete stock in fine, ever exhibited in this city, which having been purchased by himself during the LATE GOLD PANIC IN NEW YORK CITY, will be sold EXTREMELY LOW FOR CASH.

R. ALBERT,

No. 35, EAST SECOND STREET,

From the Largest Manufacturing Chemist in the World.

NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. HELMBOLD; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was a man of great ability and tact, and in conducting the business, others had not been equal to before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN.

firm of Powers & Weightman,

Manufacturing Chemists,

Ninth and Brown sts., Philadelphia.

ALL REPAIRS

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FULL SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR NO CHARGE.

R. ALBERT.

R. ALBERT'S

HOUSE FURNISHING

BAZAAR!

is the great specific for Universal Laxitude, Prostration, &c.

The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or insanity ensues.

William Weightman.

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